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STRANGE MYSTERIES

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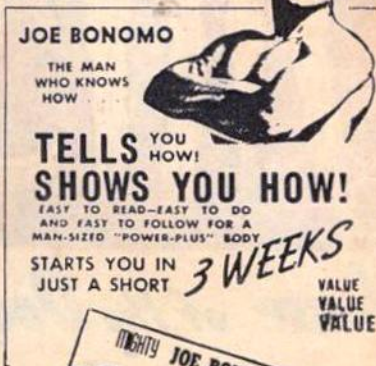
*House of the Doomed
Postmark: Graveyard
Horror Holds the Reins
Ghouls Gold*





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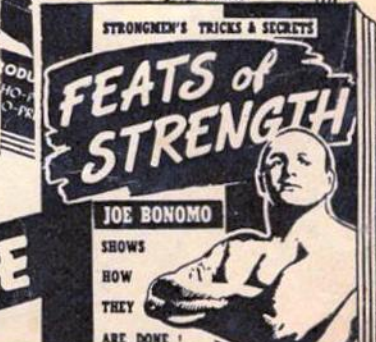
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Horror Holds the Reins

EVER WALK DOWN A MURKY STREET, YOUR STEPS MUFFLED BY THE FOG, AND HEAR IT BEHIND YOU? THAT STRANGE AND SINISTER CLIP-CLOP-CLIP CLOP! YOU PEEK THROUGH THE SWIRLING MIST AND SEE NOTHING — BUT IT'S THERE — FOLLOWING YOU, WAITING! BLACK HORSES BLACK HACK — DRIVEN BY THE PHANTOM COACHMAN...



AT DUSK, WHEN THE MIST ROLLS GREASY YELLOW, THE BLACK COACH ROLLS THROUGH THE STREETS...

I'VE MUCH TO DO TONIGHT!

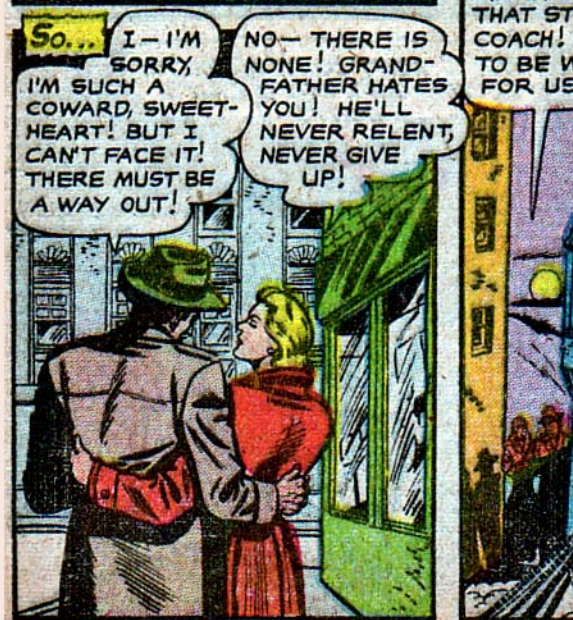


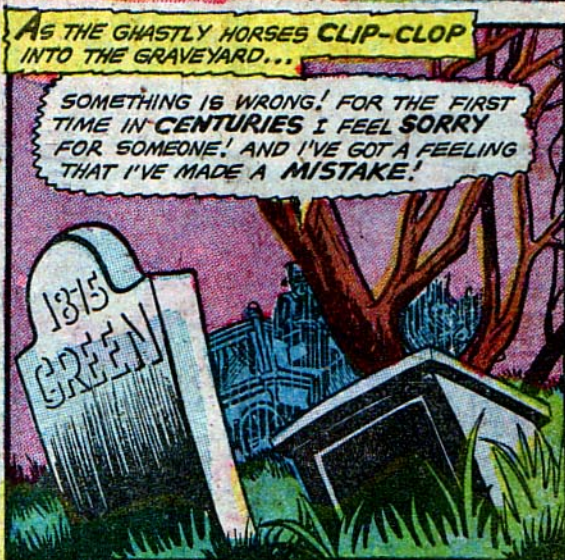
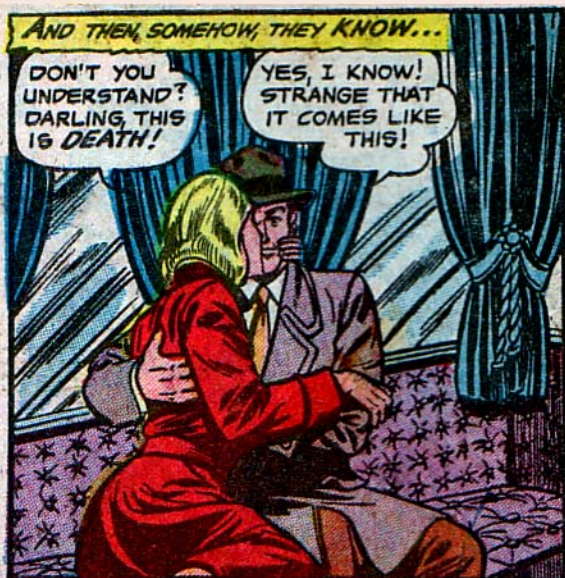
THE COACH GHOSTS THROUGH TRAFFIC LIKE THE WRAITH IT IS! FOR ONLY THE DOOMED CAN SEE THIS VEHICLE...

HEH-HEH-HEH! I AM RIGHT IN THEIR MIDST — AND THEY DO NOT KNOW!









LASHING THE BLACK HORSES INTO A LATHER OF SWEAT, THE GRIM DRIVER HEADS BACK TO TOWN...

DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'LL SAY ABOUT THIS AT HEADQUARTERS! TAKING SOMEBODY BACK!

WHILE IN THE COACH...

WE'RE ALIVE!

THIS TIME THE COACH HEADS FOR A MANSION ON THE EDGE OF TOWN...

SO THIS IS WHERE THE OLD TYRANT LIVES! OLD BULLY! HE'S OVERDUE!



DICK! H-HE'S TAKING US TO GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE!

WHAT!



STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, YOU TWO! I'VE GOT A LITTLE BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF!



HEH-HEH! LOOKS LIKE THE HOME OF AN OLD ROBBER BARON, ALL RIGHT! LIVING IN THE PAST, HATING IN THE PAST, BLASTING THE LIFE OF HIS OWN GRAND-DAUGHTER! I'LL TEACH HIM!

IN THE STUDY, OLD EZRA TEMPLE FEELS A NEW CHILL IN THE ALREADY CHEERLESS ROOM...

IT'S SO COLD! HUH! T-THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING! IS-IS ANYONE THERE?



NO. 1

I KNOW! BUT
I DO THIS ON
MY OWN
RESPONSIBILITY.

N-NO!
yooooooooooooo—

AND IN THE COACH...

**SOMEHOW I
DON'T THINK
GRANDFATHER
WILL CARE
ABOUT THAT
NOW!**

AND GRANDFATHER DOESN'T...

NO! YOU'VE LIVED YOUR LIFE!
GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO LIVE
THEIRS! YOU COME WITH ME!

YAOWWWW—
NO!



PLEASE HELP ME!
HE SEEMS TO LIKE
YOU! CAN'T YOU DO
SOMETHING?

I DON'T
KNOW!

BUT EVA
TEMPLE FEELS
THE PANGS OF
SYMPATHY!
SHE
REMEMBERS
HER GRAND-
FATHER AS
HE WAS WHEN
SHE WAS A
LITTLE
GIRL, BEFORE
HE TURNED
SOUR AND
BITTER...



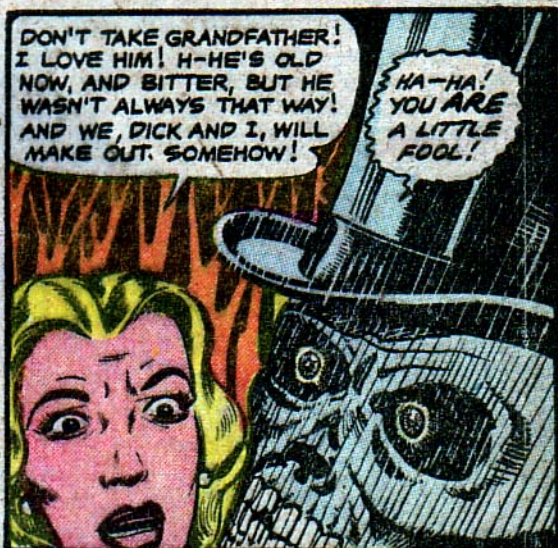
STOP! DRIVER, STOP!
I CAN'T LET YOU
DO IT!



BUT ALREADY THEY ARE
AT THE CEMETERY...

I MUST TALK TO
YOU, DRIVER!
PLEASE LISTEN!

I'M
LISTENING!



DON'T TAKE GRANDFATHER!
I LOVE HIM! H-HE'S OLD
NOW, AND BITTER, BUT HE
WASN'T ALWAYS THAT WAY!
AND WE, DICK AND I, WILL
MAKE OUT SOMEHOW!

HA-HA!
YOU ARE
A LITTLE
FOOL!



DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT
YOU'RE THE FIRST EVER TO
RETURN FROM THIS RIDE?
I MUST TAKE SOMEONE,
YOU KNOW! I WANTED TO
GIVE YOU A BREAK...

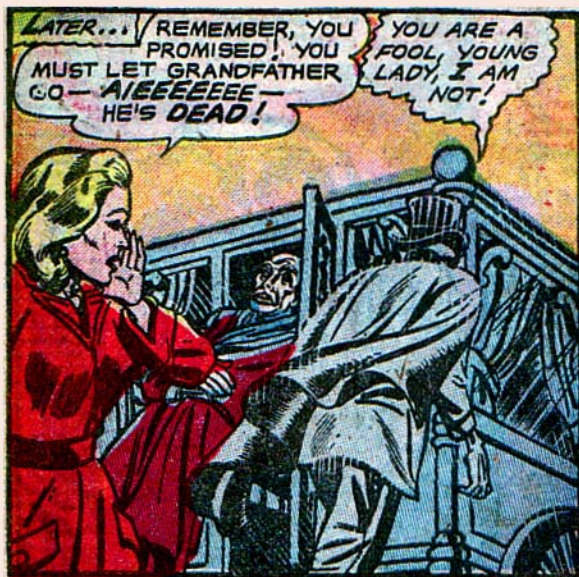


BUT I'LL TEST YOUR
COURAGE! SEE IF YOU'RE
JUST TALKING! IF I
GRANT YOUR REQUEST,
YOU MUST KISS MY
BONY LIPS!

KISS YOU?
ALL R-RIGHT!



YOU DO HAVE COURAGE,
MY DEAR! BUT EVEN SO,
YOU FAINTED! WELL, I
CAN'T—(CHUCKLE)—
SAY THAT I BLAME
YOU!



LATER... / REMEMBER, YOU PROMISED, YOU MUST LET GRANDFATHER GO— AIEEEEEEE— HE'S DEAD!

YOU ARE A FOOL, YOUNG LADY, I AM NOT!



AS THE COACH GOES RUMBLING OFF...

NO, WAIT! PLEASE! YOU BROKE YOUR PROMISE! AND W—WHERE IS DICK?

LOOK FOR HIM!



AND WHEN YOU FIND HIM, CHERISH THE GIFT I HAVE MADE BOTH OF YOU! IT WILL NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN! GOODBYE FOR NOW!



A MOMENT LATER...

DARLING! YOU'RE SAFE! I WAS WORRIED—IT'S ALL BEEN SO STRANGE! HAVE WE BEEN WANDERING IN SOME DARK DREAM?



WAIT—I REMEMBER NOW! THERE WAS A COACH, A BLACK COACH AND HORSES! AND THE DRIVER WAS VERY STRANGE...

YES, MY LOVE! A VERY STRANGE DRIVER!



SO THEY WERE MARRIED AND SETTLED DOWN IN THE OLD MANSION! BUT AT TIMES, WHEN THE STREETS WERE GRAY AND DARK WITH FOG, THEY COULD HEAR THE RUMBLE OF WHEELS AND THE CLIP-CLOP-CLIP-CLOP-OF HORSES...

HAVE A GOOD LIFE, YOUNG PEOPLE! I'LL BE SEEING YOU!

The End

House of the DOOMED

LIKE AN ANCIENT SPIDER THE OLD HOUSE BROODED, WAITED, BIDDING ITS TIME! IT KNEW THAT SOONER OR LATER THE VICTIMS WOULD COME! THEN TERROR WOULD STALK THE MUSTY OLD CORRIDORS AND THE BLOODY CRIME WOULD BE ACTED OVER AND OVER AGAIN! FOR THIS CRUMBLING OLD MANSION HAD SEEN DEATH A THOUSAND TIMES, AND WOULD SEE IT AGAIN — SOON! SO IT WAITED, PATIENTLY, UNTIL SOMEONE ASKED FOR A ROOM FOR THE NIGHT...



PAT AND WENDY MILLER ARE JUST MARRIED—
AND AS NIGHT FALLS—LOST...

MIGHT AS WELL FACE IT,
HONEY! WE'RE LOST! A
FINE WAY TO START A
HONEYMOON!

I WONDER HOW
WE GOT OFF THE MAIN
ROAD? BUT THAT SIGN-
POST, MAYBE IT...

NOT MUCH HELP HERE,
WENDY! THIS PATH MUST
GO TO GRIMSHAW MANOR,
WHATEVER THAT IS!

LET'S FIND OUT!
MAYBE THEY CAN
PUT US UP FOR
THE NIGHT! IT'S
COLD AND DARK,
AND I'M STARVED!





LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER DEAD END, BABY! I DON'T SEE ANY HOUSE!

N-NO! BUT DRIVE ON A LITTLE FARTHER! MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING AROUND THAT NEXT BEND!



A MINUTE LATER...

LOOK AT THAT! IF THAT'S GRIMSHAW MANOR, IT'S WELL NAMED! LOOKS GRIM ENOUGH!

OOOO— DOESN'T IT? SPOOKY! M—MAYBE WE'D BETTER GO BACK, PAT!



LONG AS WE'RE HERE WE CAN AT LEAST GET OUR DIRECTIONS! IF ANYONE EVER ANSWERS!

I D-DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE! I WISH WE HADN'T COME!



GOOD EVENING! A NASTY NIGHT! PLEASE!

HELLO! WE—ER— THAT IS, WE'RE LOST AND WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP US!

WE'D BE SO GRATEFUL!



PAT! HIS CLOTHES! THAT'S THE WAY THEY DRESSED A HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

YES! FUNNY! BUT MAYBE THEY'RE HAVING A COSTUME BALL OR SOMETHING! I DON'T CARE, AS LONG AS HE CAN TELL US WHERE WE ARE!



COME IN, PLEASE! MRS. GRIMSHAW WILL SEE YOU NOW!

SURE! THANKS!

AWFULLY KIND OF HER!

STRANGE MYSTERIES





AAAAHHHH—

GOOD HEAVENS! SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY BEING MURDERED!

HORRIBLE!



A BLOODY AND TERRIBLE SIGHT...

GREAT GODFREY! H—HE'S KILLING THE OLD LADY!

STOP HIM! OH, PAT, MAKE HIM STOP!



STOP ME, EH? HAH-HAH— TOO LATE! BUT YOU'VE SEEN TOO MUCH, SO NOW...

EEEEEE— PAT!

QUICK! RUN FOR IT! UP THE STAIRS!



WE'D NEVER GET OUT THE FRONT DOOR! RUN, HONEY! DUCK INTO THE FIRST DOOR YOU SEE!

HE'S —(SOB)— A MADMAN! WANTS TO K—KILL US, TOO!

HEE—HEE— YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY!



THE FIRST DOOR...

NOW IF I —(GASP)— CAN KEEP HIM OUT! SURE H—HOPE THIS DOOR HAS A LOCK ON IT!

OHH! WE M—MADE IT!

FOOLS! NOW YOU'RE TRAPPED!



WITH THE HEAVY DOOR SAFELY LOCKED...

HE'S R—RIGHT, PAT! WE ARE TRAPPED! HOW WILL WE EVER GET OUT— ALIVE?

I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING! I'VE GOT TO!

STRANGE MYSTERIES

THIS MUST BE THE SISTER'S ROOM! AND MAYBE THIS DOOR LEADS SOMEWHERE!

PROBABLY NOTHING BUT A CLOSET!

THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE CLOSET...

PAT! LOOK! EEEEEEE—

SHE'S DEAD, TOO! OH— I WANT TO GET OUT OF THIS HORRIBLE PLACE!

HANGED HERSELF! OR WAS HANGED BY THAT CRAZY MAN! YOU'RE RIGHT, SWEET-HEART, WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE FAST! BUT HOW?

DARLING! PLEASE— PLEASE GET ME OUT OF THIS NIGHT-MARE!

IF HE THINKS TO DAMAGE OUR CAR, WE'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD! WAIT A MINUTE— MAYBE THIS WINDOW...

HMMM— WE MIGHT GET OUT THIS WAY! BUT THE TILES LOOK SLIPPERY— IT'LL BE DANGEROUS! BUT IF WE CAN GET TO THAT IVY!

ANYTHING! ONLY LET'S HURRY!

So... EASY NOW, WENDY! ONE SLIP, AND...

I'M S-SCARED! BUT ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN STAYING IN THIS HOUSE! THAT POOR GIRL— HER FACE ALL BLACK!

AND AT LAST...

IT'S OKAY NOW, BABY! LET YOURSELF GO— I'VE GOT YOU!

NOW IF ONLY HE HASN'T WRECKED OUR CAR!



DEATH HAS BEEN WAITING...

HAH-HAH! YOU WON'T GET AWAY FROM JEFFREY GRIMSHAW! I WAS RIGHT— YOU ARE YANKEES! AND YOU DIE!

BLAM!



WHIRRR—
OHHHHH—
RRR

BLAST! IT WON'T START!



BUT AT THE LAST SECOND...

WE DID IT! WE'LL GET AWAY NOW!

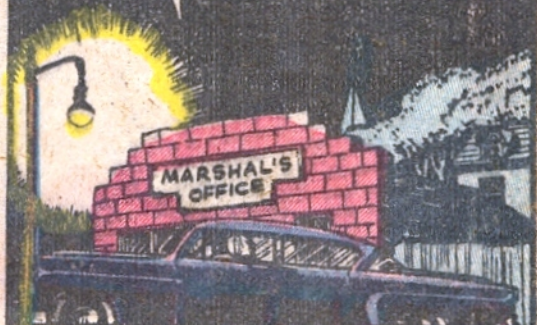
THANK GOOD-NESS! ONE SPLIT SECOND MORE AND HE'D HAVE KILLED US!

HEE-HEE! YOU WON'T LIVE LONG, YANKEES! I'LL GET YOU YET! A GRIMSHAW NEVER GIVES UP! HO-HO-HO!

HOURS LATER...

WHEW! A TOWN AT LAST! NOW WE CAN SEND THE POLICE BACK AFTER THAT CRAZY KILLER!

THANK HEAVENS SOMEONE IS AWAKE! MAYBE THEY CAN CATCH HIM BEFORE HE KILLS AGAIN!



BUT THE MARSHAL IS STRANGELY UNMOVED...

WELL, YOU'VE HEARD OUR STORY! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

NOTHING!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, NOTHING?

FINE OFFICER YOU ARE!

NOW JUST CALM DOWN, FOLKS! I RECKON I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! BETTER SIT A SPELL!

STRANGE MYSTERIES

NOTHING MUCH WE CAN DO UNTIL MORNING! THEN I'LL TAKE YOU BACK OUT TO THE GRIMSHAW PLACE AND SHOW YOU SOMETHING!

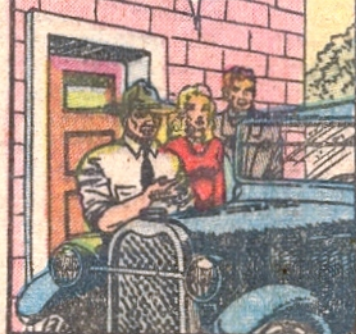


SO WHEN DAWN COMES...

MIGHT AS WELL GET STARTED!

I WISH YOU'D TELL US WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

YES!



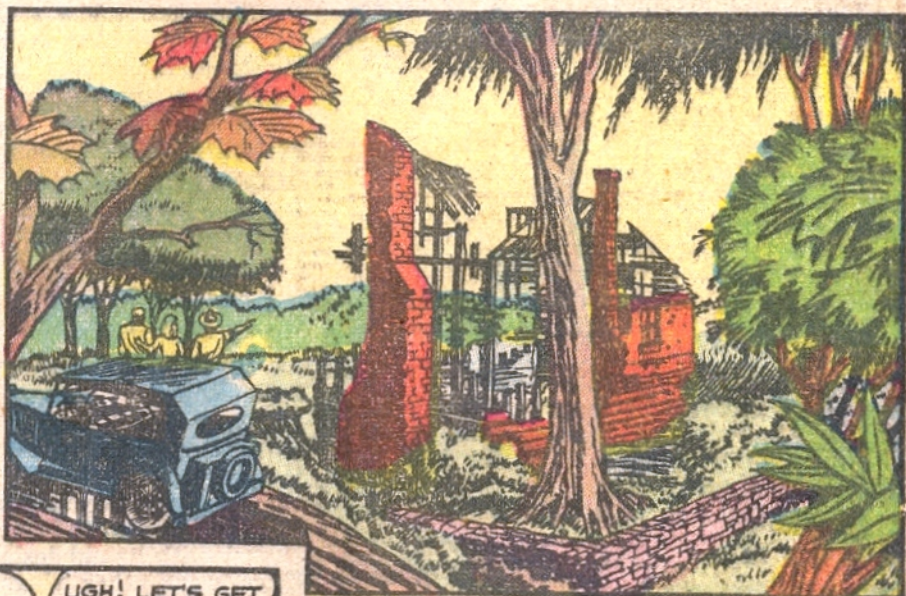
I'LL EXPLAIN SOON ENOUGH! BUT THIS I CAN TELL YOU NOW— YOU FOLKS AIN'T THE FIRST TO SEE WHAT YOU SAW LAST NIGHT!

YOU MEAN THERE HAVE BEEN OTHER MURDERS?



SOON...

"WHAT YOU SAW ACTUALLY HAPPENED BACK IN 1865! YOUNG JEFFREY CAME BACK FROM THE WAR CRAZY AS A LOON! KILLED HIS MOTHER AND SISTER! BUT THEIR SPIRITS ARE WHAT WE CALL EARTH-BOUND! EVERY SO OFTEN THEY MUST ACT OUT THE OLD CRIME! THAT'S WHAT YOU SAW, YOUNGSTERS!"



OH, HOW TERRIBLE! CAN'T THEY EVER FIND PEACE?

WHO KNOWS? I HOPE THEY DO SOME-TIME!

UGH! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, BABY! WE'RE ON A HONEYMOON, REMEMBER?



LATER...

GOODBYE!

S'LONG, FOLKS!



AND THAT'S THE GRIM TALE OF THE GRIMSHAWS, DOOMED IN LIFE— DOUBLY DOOMED IN DEATH! FOR WHEN THE MOON IS BLOOD-RED, AND FROST AND FOG GRIP THE FIELDS, JEFFREY GRIMSHAW WILL KILL AGAIN— AND AGAIN— AND AGAIN...



DIGGER OF DEATH

By JOHN MARTIN

THERE were no lights in the graveyard. Zadok Allen had expected none. But he had hoped for a moonlit night.

Behind Zadok, the little town of Grenville lay quiet and just barely visible over the two low ridges and the meadows he'd crossed. Grenville was softly lit by its own streetlamps, but none of these could betray Zadok, for the town was a full mile and a half away.

Still, he knew, to dig a grave, one needed some light.

He paused, peering up at the sky. A wrack of clouds drifted past another, then closed in. Cautiously he sniffed. No, Zadok decided, there would be no rain. If he had to dig a grave, he wouldn't have to do the job in soggy soil that would keep sliding back, delay him perilously.

If he had to dig a grave . . .

Zadok smiled thinly as he plunged on through the night toward the east gate of the graveyard. If Seth Weller was cooperative and shared his new-found wealth, all might yet be quiet and well. He had seen Seth take the big gold ring out of his pocket and peer at it furtively as he sat in his buckboard, passing Zadok's house. Zadok had also seen the flash and sparkle of the stone. Then Seth had plunged the ring back in his pocket, jiggered up the horse and ridden on to his gate-house at the entrance to the cemetery. For Seth doubled in iron as gravedigger and keeper.

It was not the gold that had startled Zadok, though seeing such an immense piece of it in the dirty claws of the ragged cemetery keeper was strange enough. Two other things had widened Zadok's eyes, shot a keen thrill through him like the blast of a lightning bolt. The first was the flash of the big stone set in the gold ring. Only one person in Grenville had owned just such a ring, of just that size and with a stone that color — Kerr Payson.

But Kerr Payson was dead and buried — four weeks before. And according to the terms of his own will he had been buried with the ring.

Of course Seth Weller had dug the grave . . .

ZADOK ALLEN considered all this again as he trod the dirt paths. Seth Weller was a grave robber. He chuckled thinly and listened to the wind.

At the east gate of the cemetery he again paused. It was locked of course. He decided it would be better policy to approach the gate-house from within the cemetery itself. That way he'd have a chance to select a secluded spot for a grave for Seth—provided he had the need to. A choice spot would then be required. One well shrouded by the willows that filled the burying-ground, one not visited often, one that would escape attention in case of a hue and cry.

Scaling the iron gate, he clambered over its sharp spikes and dropped into the graveyard and began trotting down its winding, wooded paths. Ah, here was the place, he thought, skirting a section of the wall. It was deeply hidden in briars and brambles. He stood staring at it a moment, then glided swiftly on his way toward the small gate-house at the other end of the burying-ground near the west gate.

A dim lamp burned in its single room. Cautiously, Zadok laid his nose against one of the small windows. He gasped.

Old Seth Weller sat at a table, mumbling and chuckling to himself, as he played with a great heap of jewelry before him.

Zadok's eyes opened wide. Again he gasped.

There was Kerr Payson's great diamond ring, with its deep yellow color. There was the emerald locket old Mrs. Swately had worn at her breast before the coffin was closed. And next to it a heavy silver bracelet, clumsy with its old design, but valuable. And there were other rings, lockets, necklaces—the sort of precious things the dying often sentimentally directed they be buried with.

A cold chill played suddenly up and down Zadok's spine as his eyes left the glittering wealth and fixed on Seth's meager shoulders. What devil's trick was this, he thought. It was one thing to dig a grave, or many graves. He had abruptly realized the sheer impossibility of the task—to a man like Seth Weller. Seth's usual work consisted of a burial roughly every month, and his strength sufficed for that. But to re-dig graves at night—and many graves at that . . . !

ZADOK DREW an arm across his sweating forehead. His lips trembled with a kind of fright. Again he thought: What devil's work was this?

Snap! Zadok stumbled through the door next to the window. He had pressed against the windowpane too hard and it had cracked, causing Seth to turn, startled.

Seth Weller faced Zadok Allen, muttering in fear.

"Yes, it's me, Seth," Zadok said soothingly. He gestured toward the heap of jewelry. "You're holdin' out on an old friend, Seth, ain't you?"

"You—you leave me alone!" Seth quavered.

"That's Kerr Payson's ring he was buried with, ain't it?" Zadok demanded. "It's no small crime, riflin' coffins!"

"I—I didn't!" Seth's voice cracked, rising to a raspy scream. "I—I got friends, good friends. I do 'em favors and—and sometimes they—they help me!"

"What friends, Seth?" Zadok asked, his voice a whipcrack.

A mad, cunning light appeared in Seth's eyes.

"I won't tell you!" he shouted. He backed against the table, plunging a clawing fist into the heap of jewelry, protectively.

Zadok, with an oath, shot a hand toward Seth's throat. The little man lurched, drawing a knife from his pocket. But Zadok was quicker. As Seth's hand came up with the knife, Zadok ducked, snatching for one of Seth's grave shovels that lay against the wall. He whirled it up, brought it down, just as Seth's knife came tearing sidewise at him. An instant later the shovel came down with crushing force.

"Your friends can't help you now!" Zadok sneered, watching as Seth crumpled, dead, his head crushed. Then he bent, picked up the dead body. He would return for the jewels, later. He snapped off the light, opened the door, hefted the death-shovel in his other hand. Closing the

door behind him, he walked off onto the winding path leading back toward the east gate and the spot he had selected to dig a grave.

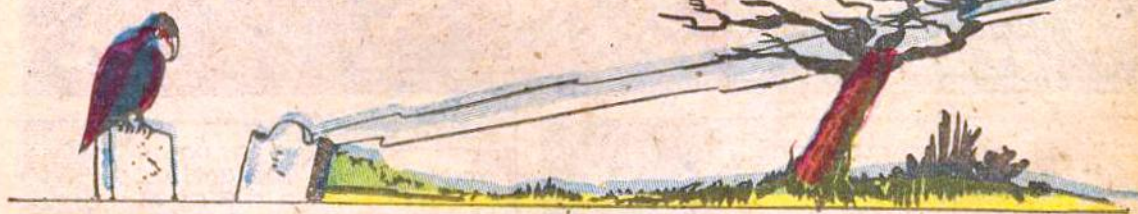
BEHIND a clump of willows he let Seth's body drop, then crawled into the briars and brambles. For an hour, he dug, swiftly enlarging the hole.

At last, when his eyes were below the ground level, he reached up and pulled at Seth's feet that projected out over the opening to the grave. The body resisted for a moment, then pulled free. It came down on Zadok at an angle, catching him in the small of the back. The shovel fell between Zadok's legs as he pitched forward, his heavy body adding to its forward force the additional weight of Seth's corpse. There was a sudden, sharp crack and Zadok's ankle splintered.

Stabs of unendurable pain shot through Zadok's broken ankle. He tried to rise, fell back, groaning with agony. Then he stirred as he heard the faint grinding sound, felt the dampness on his bare wrists and forehead.

At the touch of the first slimy body, Zadok screamed in terror. He saw it dimly; then he saw others. He watched them boiling out of all four sides of the grave. And around some of their hideous bodies were twined gold rings, heavy with grave mold. Again he screamed. Now he knew who Seth's little friends were, the friends he furnished bodies to, the friends who, in gratitude, stole for him valuables from the inside of coffins. The graveyard worms!

They came on in their thousands, filling the grave with their bodies, their massed weight. They dragged Zadok Allen down as he clawed at the sides of the grave, choking the life from him as they writhed past eyes glazing already in death.



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 of **STRANGE MYSTERIES**, published bi-monthly at Toronto, Ontario, Canada, for September 25th, 1953. (Province of Ontario) County of York.)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the Province and county aforesaid, personally appeared Bertram J. Krieger who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of **STRANGE MYSTERIES** and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3,

1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations) printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:
1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and business manager are

Publisher: William Zimmerman, 2382 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario. Editor: Harry L. Cohen, 434 Rockaway Parkway, Brooklyn, N.Y. Business Manager: Bertram J. Krieger, 2382 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual owner must be given.)

Superior Publishers Limited, 2382 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario. Maurice Berg, 2382 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Bertram J. Krieger, 2382 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario, J. Irving Oelbaum, 2382 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Samuel Orenstein, 2382 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Nathan Perlmutter, 2382 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario, William Zimmerman, 2382 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

BERTRAM J. KRIEGER, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1953.

(SEAL) DAVID PETERS. (My commission for Life)

THEY PLANNED AND EXECUTED A HORRIBLE AND NEARLY PERFECT CRIME, TORN FROM TWO EVIL AND TREACHEROUS BRAINS! BUT THERE WAS A GHASTLY CLICKING OF BONES AS THE SKELETON OF THE DEAD MAN SAT DOWN TO WRITE A GHASTLY SPECIAL DEATH-LIVERY LETTER AND DROPPED IT IN THE SLOT MARKED DEAD LETTERS...

POSTMARK: GRAVEYARD



THE NIGHT WAS STORMY AND WILD! IN A GREAT TOMIC PLANT, AN URGENT CONFERENCE IS BEGINNING...



SEND FOR DOCTOR SYKES AT ONCE! TELL HIM IT'S MOST URGENT!

YES, SIR! I'LL CALL DOWN TO LAB RIGHT AWAY, SIR!

SOON...

YOU WANTED ME, MR. RIDGE? WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

SIT DOWN, SYKES! CLOSE THE DOOR—AND LOCK IT!



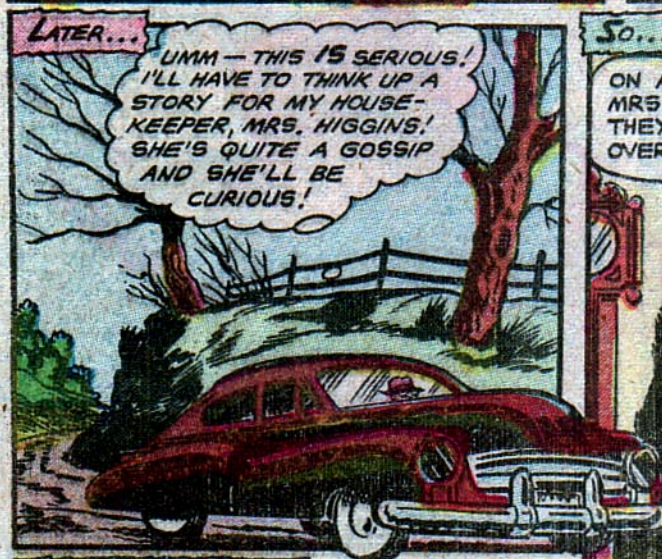


SOMETHING OF THE
UTMOST IMPORTANCE
HAS COME UP! YOU
MUST LEAVE THE
COUNTRY AT ONCE!
YOU ARE THE ONE
MAN WHO CAN
HELP US!

PROBLEM X, I
PRESUME! YOU
MEAN IT'S
FINALLY
HAPPENED?



PRECISELY! PROBLEM X! NO ONE
MUST KNOW WHERE YOU ARE, DO
YOU UNDERSTAND? **NO ONE!** DO
EVERYTHING TO COVER YOURSELF!
WE'LL HELP



LATER...

UMM—THIS IS SERIOUS!
I'LL HAVE TO THINK UP A
STORY FOR MY HOUSE-
KEEPER, MRS. HIGGINS!
SHE'S QUITE A GOSSIP
AND SHE'LL BE
CURIOUS!



So...

I'M LEAVING
ON A LITTLE VACATION,
MRS. HIGGINS! PARIS!
THEY THINK I'VE BEEN
OVERWORKING!

PARIS! THAT'S
NICE, MR. SYKES!
I'LL TAKE GOOD
CARE OF THINGS!



BUT IMMEDIATELY...

DAN? DAN, DARLING! THIS IS
CHRISTINE! I MUST TALK TO
YOU! THIS IS OUR CHANCE!
HE'S LEAVING ON A
VACATION!

A VACATION!
GOOD! NOW
LISTEN...



GET ALL THE DETAILS
YOU CAN, THEN MEET ME
AT THE USUAL PLACE!
WE'LL WORK OUT A
PLAN!

STRANGE MYSTERIES

CHRISTINE, A WIDOW, MEETS DAN, WITH WHOM SHE IS MADLY IN LOVE! LATER...

A GOOD PLAN WE COOKED UP! I HIDE IN THE BACK OF HIS CAR WHILE THEY DRIVE TO THE STATION...

I'LL DRIVE, MRS. HIGGINS, AND YOU CAN BRING THE CAR BACK! I BELIEVE I'VE THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING!

I'M SURE YOU HAVE, MR. SYKES! NOW YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING...

YOU'VE PLENTY OF MONEY IN YOUR HOUSEHOLD ACCOUNT, AND I'LL SEE THAT YOUR SALARY IS SENT FROM THE BANK!

THANKS! I'LL GET ALONG FINE! I-OH-OH! M-MY HEART...



AS PART OF THE MURDEROUS PLAN...

GOOD! SHE'S A FINE ACTRESS! NOW HE'LL STOP!

YOU'RE ILL! I'D BETTER PULL OVER AND STOP!

OHHH—



LATER, AT A SECLUDED POND...

NOBODY EVER COMES HERE! AND HE'S GOT WEIGHTS ENOUGH TO KEEP HIM DOWN FOREVER!

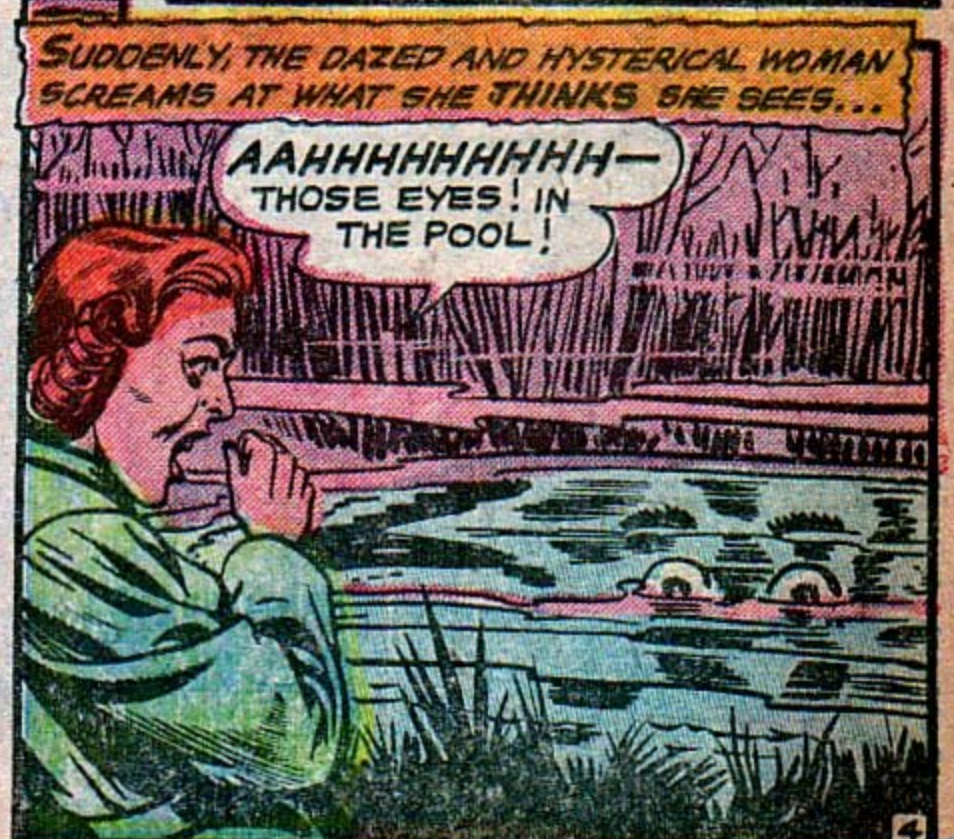
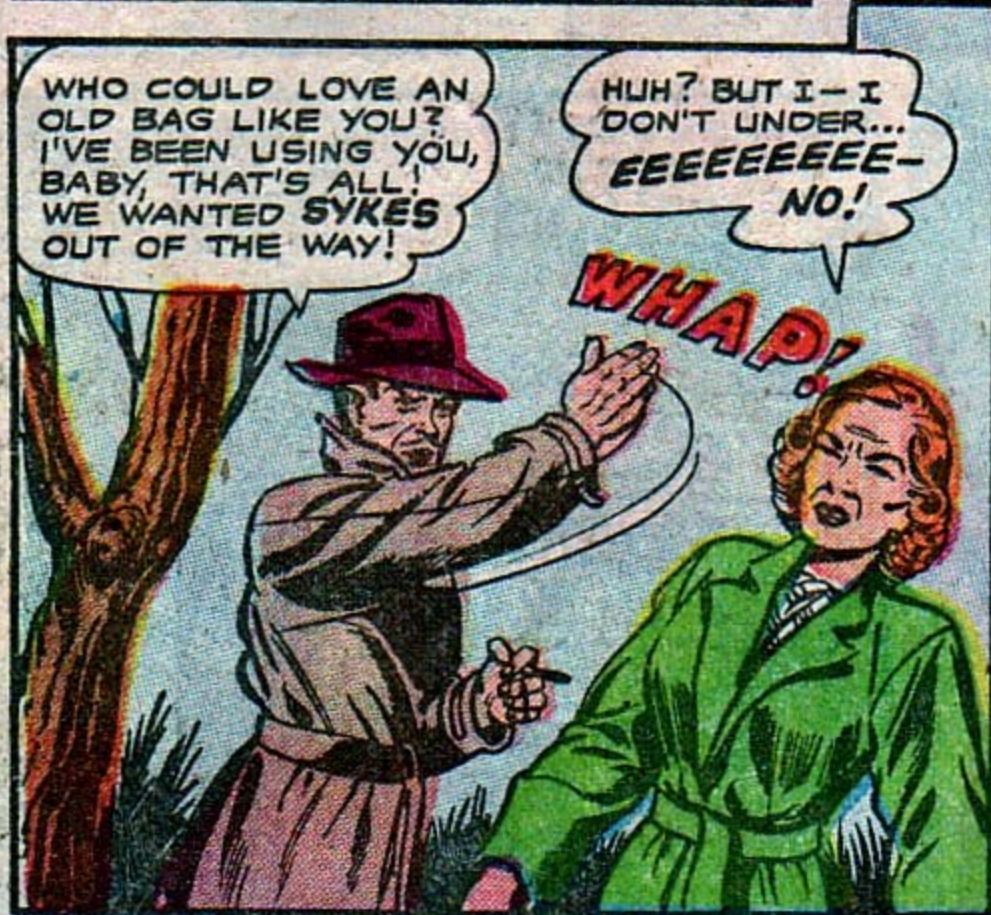
Y-YES! BUT HURRY! THEN WE'LL GET THE MONEY AND MAKE OUR PLANS, WON'T WE, DARLING?

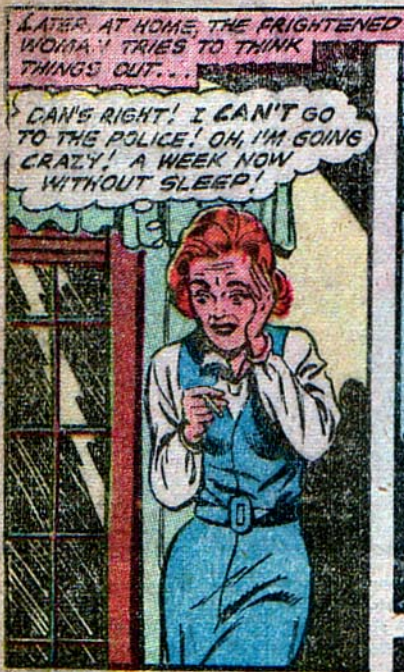


WE'VE GOT TIME NOW, SWEETHEART! PEOPLE WILL THINK HE'S IN PARIS! WE CAN DRAW HIS MONEY FROM THE BANK GRADUALLY, THE WAY WE PLANNED! I CAN FORGE HIS SIGNATURE PERFECTLY!

YEAH—YEAH!

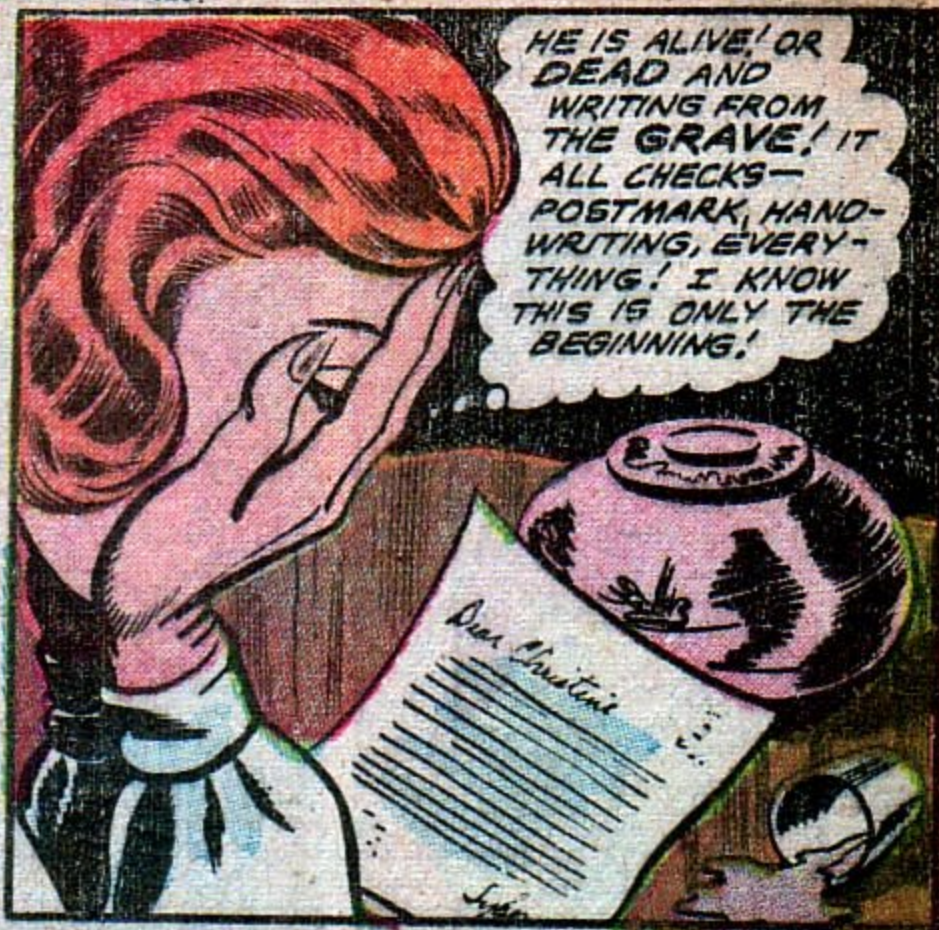






LATER, RECOVERED FROM HER FAINT, SHE AGAIN READS THE LETTER...

HE S-SAYS HE HAD A NICE TRIP! THE AIR WAS SMOOTH! AND HE—(GASP)—HOPES THERE HAS BEEN NO TROUBLE HERE! HAH—HAH—NO—(SOB)—TROUBLE!



HE IS ALIVE! OR DEAD AND WRITING FROM THE GRAVE! IT ALL CHECKS—POSTMARK, HAND-WRITING, EVERYTHING! I KNOW THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!

NEXT DAY, SURE ENOUGH...

THE POSTMAN AGAIN! OHH! ANOTHER SPECIAL DELIVERY! I—I CAN'T FACE IT—I WON'T ANSWER THE DOOR!



BUT A HORRIBLE, MORBID CURIOSITY DRIVES HER...

THE S-SAME HANDWRITING! IT'S ANOTHER LETTER FROM HIM!



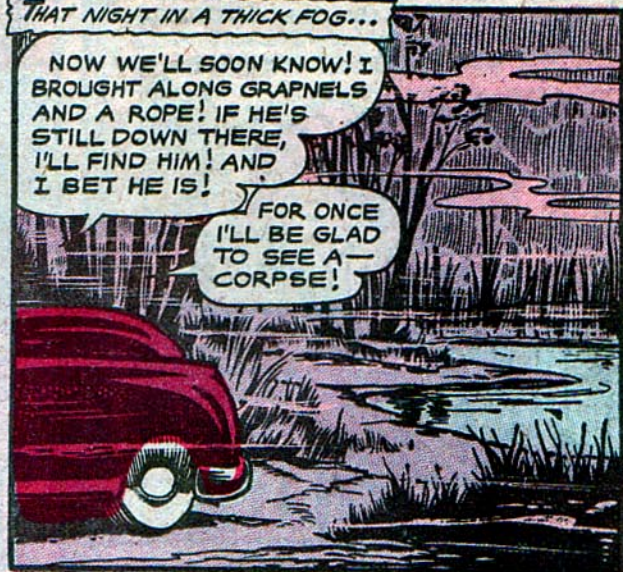
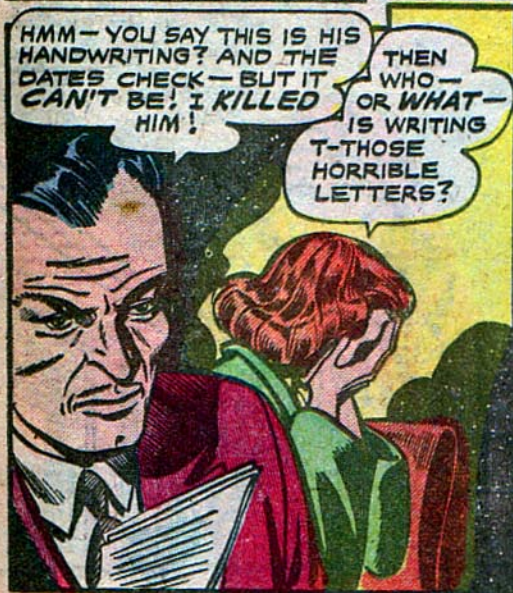
OWWWW—A PICTURE! HE SAYS HE STOPPED IN LONDON ON THE WAY! AND HE—(SOB)—WISHES I WERE THERE! OHH—SO DO I—SO DO I!



BUT I CAN'T TAKE THIS ANY LONGER! I MUST SEE DAN, TELL HIM WHAT'S GOING ON! HE MUST HELP ME, HE MUST!



STRANGE MYSTERIES





W-WHAT IS IT? CAN YOU SEE? IS IT-HIM?

I SAID SHUT YOUR MOUTH! WE'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH!

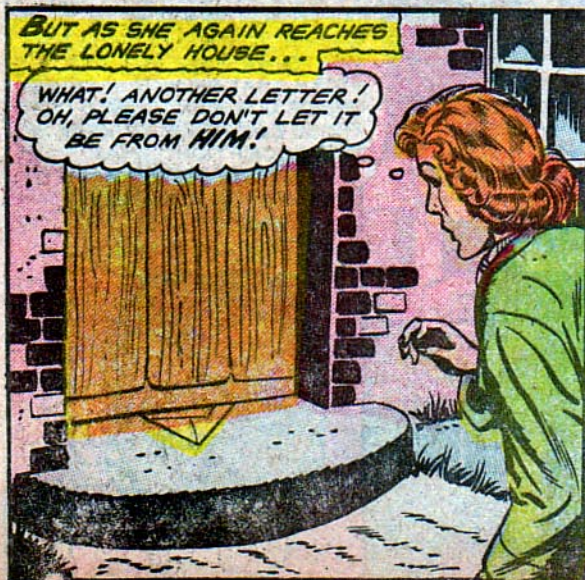


ANYWAY THAT'S SYKES, OR WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM! SATISFIED? NOW I'LL PUT HIM BACK, AND I DON'T WANT ANY MORE TROUBLE OUT OF YOU!

I-I'LL TRY! BUT I CAN'T SLEEP-IT'S HORRIBLE!

I'D LIKE TO GO TO A DOCTOR, GET SOMETHING FOR MY NERVES! OH, DARLING, IF YOU WOULD ONLY HELP ME!

CUT THAT OUT! AND STAY AWAY FROM DOCTORS! YOU MIGHT TALK! NOW I'LL TAKE YOU HOME! I'VE GOT TO THINK THIS OUT!





LATER SHE IS FORCED TO LOOK AT THE BLOATED CORPSE...



LATER, AT THE ATOMIC PLANT...

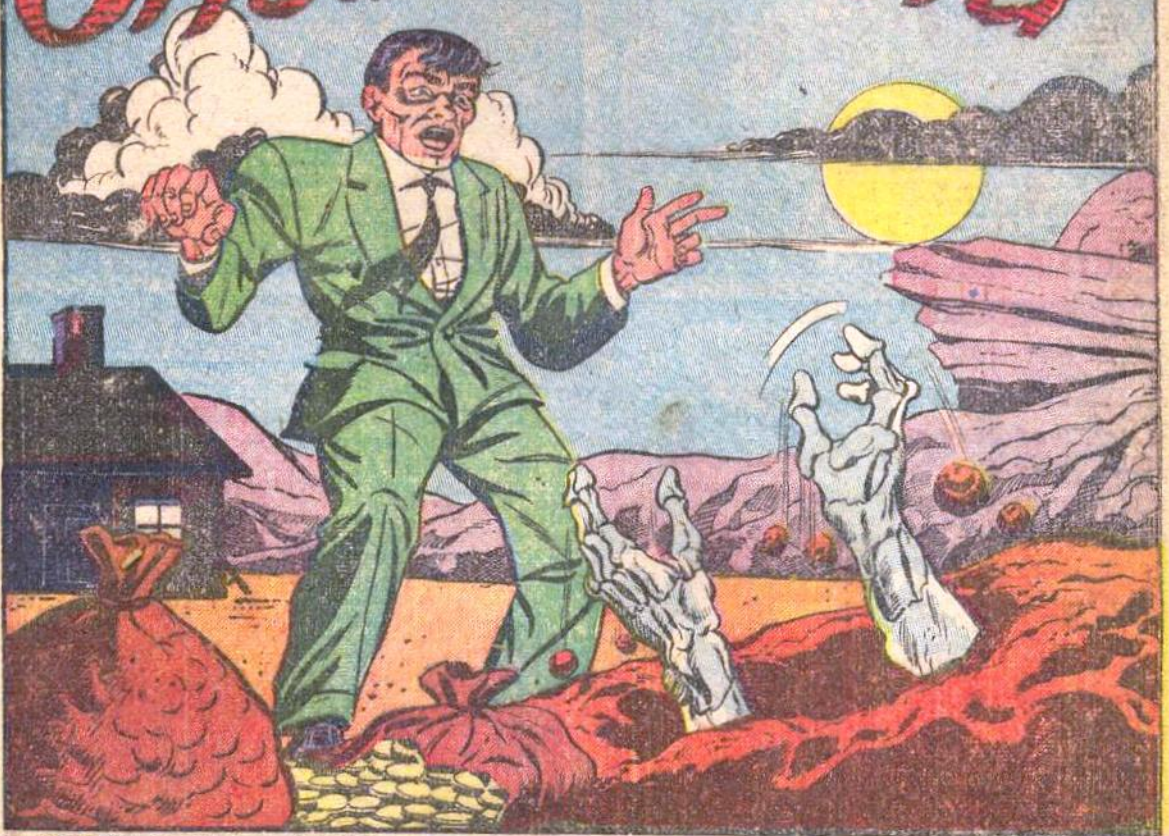


SYKES WAS TO HAVE GONE TO AUSTRALIA ON A VERY IMPORTANT MISSION! IN ORDER TO SHIELD HIS MOVEMENTS, WE GAVE OUT THE STORY THAT HE WAS IN PARIS! ONE OF OUR MEN THERE SENT THOSE LETTERS TO KEEP UP THE DECEPTION! WHAT STARTED OUT AS A COVER-UP ACTUALLY UNCOVERED THE MURDER OF SYKES!



HE WAS A BRUTAL, PSYCHOPATHIC KILLER, AND HE WAS ON THE LOOSE! BUT TO KEEP HIS FREEDOM HE NEEDED MONEY! BY AN INCREDIBLE STROKE OF LUCK HE FOUND IT, AND MURDERED AGAIN TO KEEP IT! BUT THEN HIS LUCK RAN OUT AND HE WAS ON THE RUN AGAIN—STRAIGHT INTO THE IRON JAWS OF THE WAITING TERROR TRAP...

Ghoul's Gold



KILLER FARNSBY, SERVING A LIFE SENTENCE AT THE STATE PRISON, SEES HIS CHANCE AND TAKES IT...

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS, YA STINKING SERVO! I'M GETTING OUT!

AHHGGGG—



I GOT A CHANCE! THEY NEVER INSPECT THESE CANS—AND I PUT THAT GUARD'S BODY WHERE THEY WON'T FIND IT FOR A LONG TIME!



STRANGE MYSTERIES



THE PLAN WORKS...

S'LONG, MIKE! SEE YOU NEXT TRIP! DON'T LOSE ANY OF THAT—(CHUCKLE)—PRECIOUS LOAD!

LAUGH IF YOU WANT! THE RANCHERS PAY ME GOOD DOUGH FOR THIS SWILL! KEEPS THEIR PIGS FAT!



MADE IT! BUT NOW I GOTTA GET OFF THIS TRUCK, AND FAST! THEY PROBABLY MISSED ME BY NOW!



THIS STINKING DESERT! A HUNDRED MILES OF IT IN EVERY DIRECTION! ONLY I'M GONNA LICK IT!

ESCAPE WAS EASY BECAUSE THE OFFICIALS COUNTED ON THE DESERT! BUT KILLER KNOWS SOMETHING...

C-CAN'T BE MUCH FARTHER NOW! THAT CRAZY OLD HERMIT I HEARD ABOUT IN PRISON! HE'S GONNA HELP ME OUT OF THIS, ONLY HE DON'T KNOW IT YET!



AT LAST...

HEY! IN THE HUT! HELP ME—I—ALL IN!

HOWDY, FRIEND! COME IN AND SIT DOWN! I GOT BACON AND BEANS!

I RECKON YOU'RE ANOTHER ONE, HUH? FROM THE PRISON? WELL, I AIN'T FOR YE OR AGAINST YE, UNDERSTAND! COME IN!

Y-YOU KNOW A LOT, OLD MAN! HOW COME?



YOU AIN'T THE FIRST, YOUNG FELLER! NOR THE LAST! BETTER EAT AND THEN—GO BACK! YOU AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!

YEAH! MAYBE! AND NEVER MIND THE SERMON, POP! JUST MAKE WITH THE GRUB!

THE OTHERS DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I KNOW, YOU OLD FOOL! THAT YOU GOT DOUGH HID AROUND HERE SOMEPLACE! LOTS OF IT! AND WITH MONEY I'LL MAKE IT! WITH MONEY I CAN DO ANYTHING!



LATER...

SO YOU THINK I CAN'T MAKE IT, POP! WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE?

DESERT, FOR ONE THING! SHE'S MEAN! NEAREST RAILROAD IS FIFTY MILES! BUT THE MAIN THING IS YOU AIN'T GOT MONEY!



MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, POP! MAYBE YOU AIN'T! HOW ABOUT SOME MORE BEANS?

HELP YOURSELF, SON!



I WILL HELP MYSELF! NOW WHERE'S YOUR MONEY, YOU OLD FOOL? COME ON!

HEY! DON'T HURT ME, SON! I AIN'T GOT A RED CENT!



I FIGURED YOU'D TRY THAT! NOW...

OKAY! YOU'RE ASKING FOR IT!



AND YOU GET IT!

GAAAAAA—



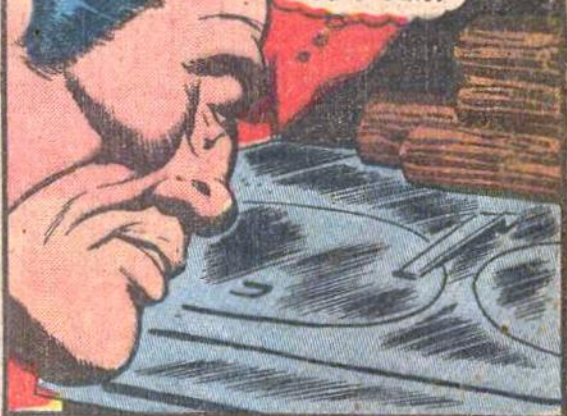
AN HOUR PASSES AND THE MURDERER IS DISCOURAGED...

NOT A SIGN OF THE DOUGH! IF HE
BURIED IT OUTSIDE SOMEWHERE, I'M
STUCK! I AIN'T GOT TIME TO DIG
UP THE WHOLE COUNTRY!



SUDDENLY—INSPIRATION...

WAIT A MINUTE! THIS OLD WOOD STOVE—
HE DIDN'T USE IT! HE USED THE OIL
STOVE! YES, IT
COULD BE...

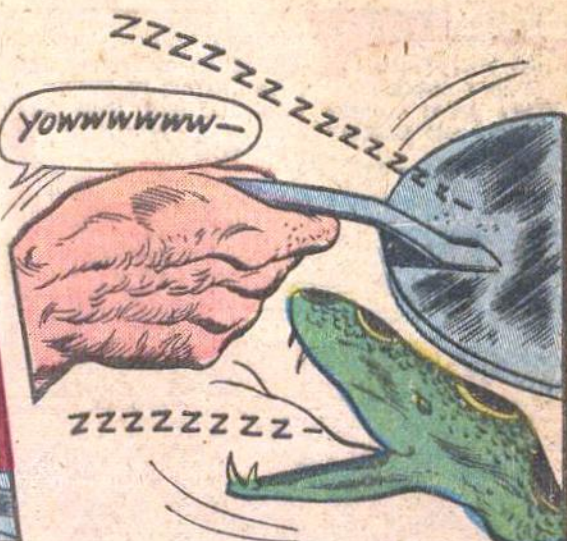


JUST MIGHT BE! IT'S A GOOD PLACE TO
HIDE MONEY! RIGHT IN PLAIN SIGHT,
WHERE A GUY WOULDN'T
THINK OF LOOKING!



УОННННННН—

zzzzzzzzzz-



BUT THE KILLER IS TOUGH..

THE OLD BUZZARD!
HAD A **RATTLESNAKE**
IN THERE TO PROTECT
HIS MONEY! PRETTY
CUTE! ONLY HE
MISSED ME!



HEY, IT'S HEAVY! SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS AIN'T JUST THE KIND OF MONEY I WAS EXPECTING!





AND... TWENTY THOUSAND AND-
NO USE COUNTING THE REST!
GOLD COIN! OF ALL THE ROTTEN
BREAKS! THE OLD GUY MUST HAVE
BEEN A MILLIONAIRE! I
CAN'T CARRY ALL THIS, AND
EVEN IF I COULD...



GOLD COINS AIN'T
EVEN LEGAL TENDER
NOW! I CAN'T SPEND
IT! BUT WAIT A
MINUTE! I AIN'T
WHIPPED YET!



HE DIGS A SHALLOW GRAVE
ON THE DESERT...
DONE! I BURIED ALL THE
GOLD WITH HIM, EXCEPT FOR
A FEW OF THE OLDEST COIN.
NOW IF I CAN GET TO THAT
RAILROAD HE MENTIONED!

INCREDIBLY THE KILLER MAKES IT!
TWO DAYS LATER...



I GOT FRIENDS IN THIS
TOWN! IF I CAN FIND
THEM BEFORE THE
COPS FIND ME!

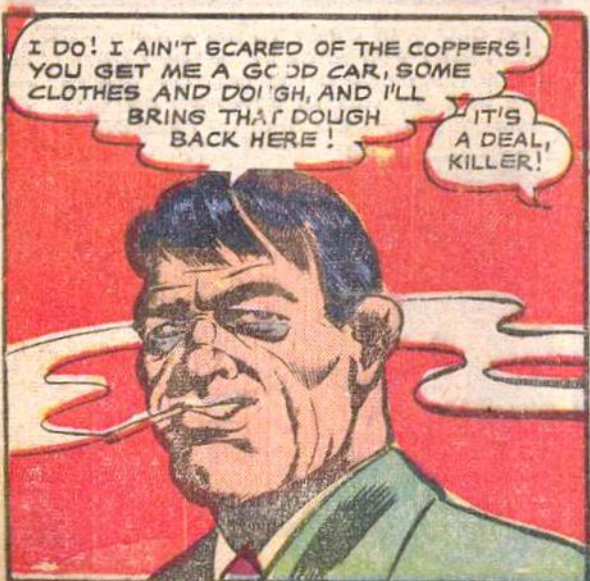
HIS LUCK HOLDS OUT, SO...

YA UNDERSTAND? I
LEFT THOUSANDS OF
THESE BACK IN THE
DESERT! WE GET 'EM
AND MELT 'EM DOWN!

YEAH! WE CAN GET
A REAL PRICE ON
THE BLACK MARKET!

ONLY WHO GOES
BACK FOR THE
GOLD?

YA GOT
CONNECTIONS...



I DO! I AIN'T SCARED OF THE COPPERS!
YOU GET ME A GOOD CAR, SOME
CLOTHES AND DOUGH, AND I'LL
BRING THAT DOUGH
BACK HERE!

IT'S
A DEAL,
KILLER!

SO A FEW NIGHTS LATER...

HAH! NOTHING TO IT! GUESS THE
COPS NEVER DID TUMBLE THAT
I CAME HERE! DON'T LOOK LIKE
ANYONE'S BEEN AROUND SINCE
I LEFT!



THERE IS A HORRIBLE STIRRING IN THE
SOFT EARTH...

YOWWWWWWWWW—
IT—IT'S ALIVE!

AS ONE OF THE ROTTING
CLAWS REACHES FOR
HIM...

YIIIIIIIIIIII—
HELP!
GAAAAAAA—

THEN SILENT FIGURES MATERIALIZE
OUT OF THE GLOOM...

IT'S ALIVE!
AFTER ME!
DON'T LET IT—

OWWWWWWW—

LOOKS LIKE
KILLER ISN'T
SO TOUGH,
DAVE!

LIKE ALL OF THEM!
DOWN
UNDER
THEY'RE
YELLOW!

HE'S DEAD, KILLER!
DEAD AS YOU'LL BE
SOON! BUT THIS
CLIMATE DOES
FUNNY THINGS
TO BODIES!

YEAH! GAS
FORMS LATER
THAN USUAL!
AND GAS
MAKES BODIES
MOVE, SEEM
ALIVE!

H-HUH!
C-CLIMATE?

WE FIGURED YOU'D COME BACK, KILLER,
WHEN WE FOUND THE MONEY IN THE
GRAVE! ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS
WAIT! AND SPEAKING OF MONEY—
YOU WERE WRONG
THERE, TOO!

W-WRONG?

THE OLD MAN USED TO BE A **COUNTER-
FEITER!** WAY BACK IN THE OLD DAYS!
HE MADE GOLD COINS OUT OF **BRASS!**
HE WAS HARMLESS NOW AND WE LET
HIM ALONE! YOU SHOULD HAVE DONE
THE SAME!

The
End

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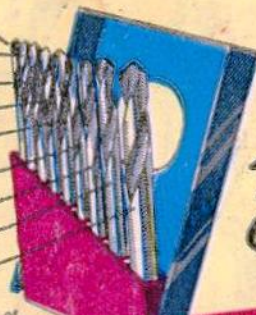
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